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# Cavalcade

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# BUST THE BANK!

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Waist \_\_\_\_\_  
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Age \_\_\_\_\_



Alice  
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Hips \_\_\_\_\_  
Waist \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_

All entries will be judged according to earliest postmark. Editor's decisions are final.

**See all our great girls inside.**

When you have completed your entry, tear off this page and mail to: **THE EDITOR, CAVALCADE MAGAZINE, 185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016**



Barbara  
Bust \_\_\_\_\_  
Hips \_\_\_\_\_  
Waist \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_



Lynn  
Bust \_\_\_\_\_  
Hips \_\_\_\_\_  
Waist \_\_\_\_\_  
Height \_\_\_\_\_  
Age \_\_\_\_\_

- |   |               |                  |
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I am over 21 \_\_\_\_\_

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# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...  
"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you mind the way of a person speaks even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, for not speaking as well as you could? Are you constantly aware of yourself in a social setting with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your idea through onto paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of educated speech. Many distinguished Americans of the 19th Century... Copied English as a language without its scientific analysis of word parts, word order and sentence. These educated men held fast to their style and their word order, because of this English did not fit the new science of science. It is impossible for these people to go back to school."

In these new days, without words back to school, to college and the language? Don Bolander says "Yes!" Don Bolander teaches English at Chicago and Portland, Oregon. He usually finds two or three people at all of his classes. One day the room will have five or six people. He teaches of word and sentence and the way words are placed, making their construction as perfect as possible and giving scientific reasons for the right order of words.

## BOLANDER TALKS DOWN TO EARTH TO YOU

During a recent interview, Bolander said: "Now, how I have to go back to school in an English class, not a college course. You can get the study material I will send to the Chicago or Portland branch through the Career Institute method." He then answers to the following questions. Bolander tells how it can be done:

**Question:** What is an educated school boy who is dumb and what?

**Answer:** People today go to the high school and write their English without any real education. It teaches you to write things with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

Now just expect your other job or school year that previously without a recommendation of good English.

**Question:** What does a command of good English mean?

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can write a job or clearly and easily to think like a student without making a mistake. It means you can go to a well known or good college and get a job or a good salary when you finish. Good English can help you think off all doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question:** How would it do me to go back to school to get a command of good English?

**Answer:** No, not very much. You can give the ability to think and write like a college graduate right at your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

**Question:** Is this something new?

**Answer:** Current methods of Chicago have been followed, people the same style. The Career Institute method speaks where you have to stop and the teacher giving students advice and suggestions. During your writing study, discuss the "science of interesting" every day.

**Question:** Does it really work?

**Answer:** Yes, beyond question. In my first class at University of Chicago, most of the students were from the Career Institute. They had been taught the Career Institute method. Teachers are always asked to take their own and personal lives.

**Question:** Who are some of these people?

**Answer:** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute method is used by the best writers of all ages. Some have attended college where high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, agents and salesmen, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, reporters and public speakers. Doctors, lawyers, sales people, scientists, farmers, writers, judges, too. It is simple, practical and helpful for almost every people and many more.

**Question:** How long will it take me to get the ability to speak and write like a college graduate using the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** In some cases people take only a few weeks to get a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to tell your own story. As an little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

**Question:** How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** I will gladly send you a free 12 page booklet.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 12 page booklet, then to learn a bit more of the Career Institute, just mail this coupon to me. It is booklet will tell the Career Institute method and how you can get the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and easily at home. Send your name, day or night, to Career Institute, 1811 Long St., Seattle 41, or write the publisher will send

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# Editor's Journal

Not so long ago in Gafford, N.H., a married couple named Hamberger used their landlord, Clifford E. Rasmussen, for tapping their bedroom with a Rasmussen-recording device for two \$50,000 suits against Rasmussen. Clifford May Hamberger charged that the Yankee-chicken rancher had "willfully and maliciously" invaded their privacy.

The alleged snooper boasted that the bug's only purpose was to monitor a basement pump that provided water for his 15,000 chickens.

The Hambergers lost the case. The whole bit sounds crazy doesn't it? It sounds even crazier if you consider the location—a fairly remote New England chicken ranch. If it would happen there, well it can happen any where.

We seem to have become a nation of eavesdroppers. Did you know the micro-equipment manufacturers have perfected (a) a television camera only eight inches long and as thick as the paper that can be hidden almost anywhere in a victim's house or office (b) a radio transmitter as small as a cigarette lighter that can be heard half a mile away (c) a listening device smaller than a quarter that can pick up cover someone through a standard telephone door (d) a tiny electronically activated camera that uses special film to take pictures in the dark?

Mass production has made eavesdrop-equipment available and inexpensive. For less than \$30 you can buy a device called a "spike meter." Just stick it into a wall and you can listen to conversations in the other side.

Remember the famous Dick Tracy radio radio of the funny papers? You can find standard equipment for eavesdroppers who want to relay your conversations to a tape recorder blocks away.

When a snooper can't get close enough to use his spy microphone, he can use a long cable or other microphone that looks like a space-age gun, and will pick up conversations 300 yards away.

For the ladies who want to spy from a "top" version of this snare called THE BIG EAR, it sells for only \$15, and a child can convert it on his pole—or his parents—by long distance. It can be lots of fun and lots of trouble.

Everybody needs knowledge—Government agencies, credit companies, bond rating agencies, unions, permanent departments, landlords, behavioral scientists, mail order list companies. The list is endless and the eavesdropper snoops from industrial spying to monitoring all telephone calls made or received by employees of large corporations.

Modern snooping came from the master to the student. In Connecticut a young girl complained to the State Labor Department that a Hartford department job questionnaire required her to state if she "went too far with boys." She was applying for a job as a telephone.

On July 14, 1968, Internal Revenue Commissioner Sheldon Cohen admitted to a Senate subcommittee that this conference room is at least seven cities had two way mirrors and hidden microphones. While admitting that such devices were improper, Mr. Cohen defended them on the grounds that they were put there for good reason.

High school principals who adopted a system of hidden microphones and closed-circuit television cameras to spy on students have defended their actions on similar grounds.

At one ecology housing project for married couples, behavioral scientists secretly bugged a mar-

ket of bedrooms to study the occupants' love-making techniques. Later they barely explained that they had done it in the "interests of science."

In states where wiretapping is legal, the police are required to get a court order before they can tap in on your line. However, thousands of telephone are being tapped by eavesdroppers who have nothing to do with law enforcement.

If you think this sounds like 1984 and "Big Brother is Watching You"—you're right. Three years ago a House subcommittee uncovered the fact that 20 Government agencies were bugging their telephone. In some cases it was being done as a security precaution. In others it was just plain snooping on routine telephone calls.

A few years ago, during the uproar about news leaks, President Kennedy banned the use of land-line tele to a nation of eavesdroppers the guilty parties. Today political leaks are still being used by an increasing number of private companies to determine the fitness of applicants and those already employed. According to the Fort Worth Star-Telegram 25,000 such tests were given to hotel employees in one year—a staggering total when you consider the country as a whole.

Believe it or not—your privacy may be invaded even in the wash rooms of some companies where security men with a grudge about installing hidden two-way mirrors and two-way mirrors. This may sound incredible, but it is completely true. You might call it a sign of the times.

Perhaps the most ridiculous name of all involved a tough combat veteran, an ex party of five, who applied for a job and passed all the tests except the one that discovered he was "tinkering" to his wife.

No, he didn't want to join the Secret Service or the F.B.I. He wanted to work as a milkman.

Don't laugh—Big Brother could be watching YOU!





*"You are what Freud used to call a 'nail'."*







# THE DEATH MERCHANTS

Clay Grant

Five years after John F. Kennedy was murdered with an army surplus rifle, the madhouses, the death merchants, the traffickers in obsolete but deadly weapons are still raking in the millions. What can be done about them? The answer—probably nothing.

Are you in the market for a handgun, a Thompson sub-machine gun, a Browning tripod mounted, air cooled, .50 caliber machine gun? Or are you the type who prefers more exotic weapons like the Farrah's 7.62 caliber light carbine, or a World War II vintage Walther P38? If you want toys like these, headly enough you can get them as long as you can come up with the green stuff. And don't ask when, because you know the answer to that one as well as we do.

Of course if you want the really good stuff, like imported living plants, birds, and assorted things, flowers, bronzes, and antiques, you don't need a visa if you play your cards right. If you live on the far side of the Great Curtain your best bet is to be a uniform strong man or an underdeveloped country. If you like what the Americans have to offer, just let it be known that you are a noncommunist, and you'll get unlimited credit from the Pentagon. On the other hand, if you have a yen for things Russian or Chinese, just let it be known in Moscow and Peking that you are a devoted and unrepentant ally, and you will get the same sort of credit.

"If you live on the other side of the curtain there is no freedom of choice. You get programs from the Russians (or the Chinese, depending upon which is closer), and your butter from the Americans. It works like this: The Russians give you their old obsolete guns, they point their noses, longer noses, at you, and lay it on the line . . . Send us three quarters of that American butter, corn, radar, or we won't let you buy any more of our old guns."

And for the most part, that's the way things go today. Arms and munitions being the most profitable staple items of international trade, are most often sold by being bought and sold in the greatest quantity by governments. It costs a lot of money to maintain those big air and sea forces, those big navies and

Transients are strained to even greater extremes by staging Great Societies, Five Year Plans, Cultural Revolutions, not to mention the staggering cost of stocking nuclear weapons. Besides there are large benefits associated with traffic in transients. Whoever arms his neighbor first is rewarded with trade concessions, oil and mineral rights, and is assured of a built market for surplus weapons. As today's Number One Hot Guy, Mao Tse Tung, so eloquently put: "All governments must be armed with a gun." We may not care to consider his brand of show me, but it pays to listen to what he says from time to time, just so that we don't have to worry about having it stuffed down our throats at some later date.

But getting back to our potential day marchants of death . . . In view of the big scramble on the parts of our headline world leaders to knock over each other's podiums in the market place, you might get the idea that there was no more room for independent operators. Well, prove the thought. True, we don't have socialist characters around today like Sir Paul Zahradil who not only supplied weapons on opposing sides, but also facilitated the necessary steel shrapnel to start his own wars. The freelance operators of today have left such intrigues to heads of state, all they are concerned with is buying and selling. The point is that such freelancers do exist, and on a very large scale as well.

Boomer are strictly in the classic good-chugger category, appearing slightly, and very much in the James Bond manner. Recently, a friend of mine, an independent businessman who works out of his own home in a western state, was approached by one of these organizations in a most unique fashion. For his own distinction, this friend is a "gun and" life in a respect, a weekend alcoholic, and a trader, all strictly in the boogie mood.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

on have with some product in which he had no interest. Within minutes they began talking about guns, he showed the video man the collection, and predictably the conversation changed. The upshot of the deal was that the salesman was actually a recruiter for an underground international arms dealer. He was looking for new talent as it were, not venturesome individuals with keen interest and knowledge of guns, also were willing to travel to "corrupt capitals" for the purpose of making heads bushy some deals. The broker was bushy, it

[illegible]

expense accounts comparable, but the males were higher. Our friend, preferring to carry a gun only on his own terms, turned the dial down.

Strategy within the line at the other end of the ladder are the respectable businessmen who have what French journalist Jacques de Gramont recently termed, "the Right Before morality." He was referring to a quote from Oscar Wilde with the word in which the dating Civil War blockade runner said, "What mean people don't seem to realize is that there is just so much money to be made out of the wreckage of a civilization as from the wreckage of one."

Typical of these random Black Britons, as it were, is a tall, bearded, somewhat chunky American named Edward Chapman. He is 41 years old. He looks almost as disconcerted as the overland

1000 1000 1000

schoolboy, and confesses to being a bit of a Puritan, a fact that is not hard to accept since he sells ether, drunks, and war uses profusely. Sam Cummings is also the world's number one private dealer in munitions. From his headquarters in Miami he runs a world wide empire in instruments of destruction.

According to the New York Times his merchandise in Alexandria, Virginia, which occupy over 100,000 square feet stock 50,000 pistols, 600,000 rifles, 15,000 machine guns, and 100,000,000 cartridges. His London warehouses throughout were stocked, still contain approximately 300,000 other assorted weapons.

Cummings' organization makes anything in the realm of espionage fiction. The nerve center consists of four rooms in his palatial 14-room apartment, the residential part of which he shares with a Swiss wife and two daughters.

Domestically his private office is an 18th century British mansion, a 19th century German out of armor, a map of the world, and numerous photographs of munitions being unloaded under the delighted gaze of high-ranking brass. Security is a matter of top priority. All correspondence is carefully coded. Interoffice phone calls are forwarded through dispatchers, and talks between branch offices is overheard, and the military secrets hidden away in his private files would probably cause an epidemic of espionage around the world if all the rumors were ever to become public.

Working like a spider at the center of a vast world wide web, Cummings employs 200 persons as far as he will admit, and has 17 affiliated firms and subsidiary companies. Every major capital and a number of minor ones have undercover agents on tap ready. Their function is to keep him fully apprised at all times of all events which will enable him to conduct profitable deals. On this subject the New York Times spelled it out bluntly, saying, "Many of these are retired generals or high level servants with access to their

governments, until recently his agent in Indonesia was ex President Sukarno's cousin."

To have obtained the assets of the late Sukarno he acquired a lifetime of preparation. But like so many careers, Sam Cummings' began by accident. When he was five he was given an old rusty machine gun by a kindly old American Legationist, a veteran of World War I who feared that the 12th Amendment might pass the test case. This started a chain reaction and by the time that Sam was drafted in 1942 he knew more about war, more than the combined Allied high command. After his tour of duty he traveled all over Europe, visiting every battle site he could, in order to soak up some of the atmosphere of what he had missed during the shooting. There was so much discarded military hardware lying around that the place had almost gone ape. "The tanks," he recalled, "and that new one called All they needed was a battery recharger to start 'em up and reconquer France." He was shocked into a state of near stress at the horrors he encountered in Germany. The heartless destruction of the Vikings had taken all that abandoned German ordnance and dumped it into the ocean.

It was more than the sensitive youth could stand. Returning to the United States he finished college, however he suddenly nightmare of all those beautiful weapons being rendered ineffectual and destroyed. A warlike man might have cracked under the strain, but not Sam Cummings. He made up his mind to do something about it. So after a short stint in the employ of the CIA he went to work for private munitions firm. After two years as a salesman he managed to save a few dollars, 25,000 to be exact, and he went into business for himself. He began buying surplus weapons in Europe because by now he was able to back up his specialized knowledge with cash.

Before long he became the largest dealer in American firearms. He would buy in wholesale lots and frequently, recondition

in a similar fashion. Eventually he reached the point where he could outbid the U.S. government on much of its over-surplus. Then today, he can sell a World War II remodeled Browning .50 caliber machine gun for 1955 00 while Uncle Sam sells them for \$750 00.

Today of course, Cummings is in the big leagues. He still sells anti tank guns to sportsmen, like the wealthy customer in Arizona who wrote back about his satisfaction in using them to get rabbits. (The 50 mm anti tank gun is not terribly efficient when employed for rabbit hunting, but recent newspaper reports have indicated that it is highly effective in blasting through walls when robbing banks.) His real profits, which have made him many times over a millionaire, come from the heavy stuff. Before the late dictator of the Dominican Republic, Trujillo, was pushed down Cummings sold him 20 Swedish Vampires for a reported \$4,800,000, and his biggest single transaction, involving a year and a half of negotiations and dealings with three nations, grossed him \$20,000,000.

A great deal of his business results from his acting as a broker for the United States government in disposing of its wanted arms. Still, he seems to display his greatest talents when working strictly on his own. Traveling constantly, calling on friendly neighbors, and sometimes fairly distant contacts and other shrewd businessmen Cummings is his own best salesman.

A realistic dealer, Cummings is convinced that the munitions business is the only one that will last forever. He is probably right. At the moment there are a number of competing special interests marking time both in Mexico and Saigon. When the shooting stops there is going to be a real scramble for the surplus because regardless of who winds up in the driver's seat if Sam Cummings doesn't get the lion's share of the deal, then it will mean he is losing his touch. Time will tell.

## *Dolly MacIvers:*

***“IF YOU HAVE TO COME ON  
STRONG, THEN YOU’D BETTER  
NOT DO IT!”***

You may be a real go-getter to the rest of the world but don't try any of that night school jazz around Miss Dolly MacIvers because if there is one thing she can't stand it's nervous, pushy people. So get with it, Charles. Relax with this girl. Take it slow and easy and you'll be a winner.





The darling girl Dolly Parton has a wild, free, raucous personality. All she wants out of life is the very best of everything. But success for her has to come pleasantly, or it isn't worth the effort.

Dolly, the coo-wooo girl, would surely love to be a movie star or a famous TV personality or a best-selling lady novelist or even a champagne chaser, but if it means too many long years of grinding up the road, with that, no blazes with it.



Though Betty Handerson can handle any show, she certainly is far from relaxed with it. It isn't that she isn't competitive—she is—but there is only so far she is prepared to go.

Of course, the charming Cal doesn't just have to make good at anything she tries. Sure Cal knows a whole lot of things, but her, of them all, Betty's unusual quality.



Gifted by Nature with a remarkably expressive face, Dolly can project an amazing variety of moods and ideas. She is by turns, sultry, macho, woman, athletic, sexy, intellectual. You name it Dolly does it.

Though she would jump at the

chance to break into pictures and what *AD American* that would not, Dolly is definitely an "original". The major studio who tries to cram her into the old-fashioned starlet category will be making a drastic mistake. Dolly is Dolly. It is as simple and wonderful as that.



# GAMES VIRGINS PLAY

Leonard Gaddis



*No matter what they tell you about the Sexual Revolution, virginity or lack of it still remains wifally important to a large number of people who should know better. Be honest now — how do you feel about it?*

One intriguing result of the sexual revolution and Woman's demand for sexual equality is that a girl's virginity is no longer marketable.

Lloyds of London says so, and Lloyds is the world's leading insurance underwriter.

The insurer's decision arose out of an Italian father's anxiety about his sixteen-year-old daughter. He was afraid she might lose her virginity before marrying.

Though living in Bologna, Northern Italy, the agitated father's real home is Italy where loss of virginity can play havoc with a girl's marriage prospects. He applied for an insurance policy against the risk of his daughter losing her virginity while working as a waitress in Germany. He wanted the insurance company to pay out 1,000,000 lire (\$1,610) if the girl failed out to be no longer in a state of chastity when she returned to her home.

The perplexed insurance company asked Lloyds for some advice, since they seem able to arrange almost any form of insurance cover, including doctors' fees, exotic performers' losses, singers' voices, violinists' hands and holy clergies' nerves.

Lloyds finally decided the risk of keeping a girl pure and virginal was too hot to handle.

"Loss of virginity in this day and age is a moral hazard which our underwriters could not be prepared to accept as a risk," a Lloyds' spokesman said.

A Italian insurance company promptly stepped in with the caveat that they accept risks involving every aspect of human folly and frailty, including loss of virginity. They asked Lloyds in London to extend the virtues of Italian women and saying that they would be delighted to accept the risk.

"E," they added, "you can insure a movie star's legs, the hands of a pianist and even the good-looking premises of a hotelier, why not insure the virginity of an inexperienced Italian girl crossing the Alps to seek her fortune in the land of Goethe and Nietzsche?"

The price of chastity in Italian has not, unfortunately, been matched by other nationalities intent on answering the question "What price virginity?" In Yugoslavia, for instance, the commercial court of Trieste decided recently that \$175 was quite enough to pay for insuring a female into the joys and techniques of total togetherness. Honda Bombarded Sadame Hussein, 19, testified that they found Himeo Clinic took her home and kept her there to "show her all the advantages of married life."

A year later Himeo left court his two-year stretch with the army. He didn't bother to make their relationship legal. When he returned, Hussein said, he told her to pack her bags and go.

A local court sent Himeo to jail for three months for seduction. Hussein alleged that her chance for marriage had been ruined and she asked \$200 in damages to compensate her for her lost virginity.

The court decided that was too much. It ordered Himeo to pay the girl \$175 plus five per cent interest for the three years in which she had failed to receive a simple marriage proposal.

This headline and fatherly concern with loss of virginity is by no means restricted to foreign countries in spite of recent relaxations in sexual mores. Prospective bridegrooms in the U.S. are a lot more concerned about virginity than they are, or the bride-to-be, either. In one recent survey carried out in California, of 5,000 men questioned 82 per cent fully stated that they would prefer to be the very first to teach their wives about sex.

Only 15 per cent of women interviewed said they wanted their husbands to be virgins. Most of them accepted the outdated theory that it is permissible for males to have premarital sex experience, but not females. This is based on the bad old days when loss of virginity lowered a girl's monetary worth to her father. A man entering a virgin had to pay her father three times her value. If the girl he violated was engaged, he was put to death.

As Dr. Kinsey pointed out, there is an interesting attempt on the part of the younger generation to produce its own diplomas from moral traditions, but most of them are still following the old traditions.

It certainly looks as though—in spite of everything—virginity will always be in fashion. This is probably why the ultimate in human deception is being practiced by the women of Japan. Secretly hoping to lower Westerners to the effect that virgins are more to be prized by men than girls who have already been deflowered, thousands of Japanese ladies are having themselves "baptized" surgically.

The operation named "fake shoyo" is giving them back their virginity in the form of a needed or artificial hymen.

Performed by Dr. Kozaburo Minakubo a Tokyo gynecologist, the "faked shoyo" operation guarantees that a lady's lover will never know that she has been "indisposed" with previous male parties.

Already over 60,000 Japanese women, paying about \$60, have become virgins again through the skill of Dr. Minakubo and his associates. The operation takes about twenty minutes, and only local anesthetics are used.

At a reception held in the doctor's hospital recently thirty other surgeons who specialize in giving women back their lost virginity lauded Minakubo's "humanity towards the opposite sex." He told them that he performed the operations as a tribute to the courage of women, who, he said, have to suffer more indignities than men especially in their relations with the opposite sex.

"Lol," he added, "is neither to the fair sex. A subtle-deception like the installation of a artificial hymen does something to alleviate their suffering."

Presumption of Japanese women with virginity is a startling indication of just how far Western ideas and beliefs have penetrated their way of life. Before World War II the average Japanese girl probably didn't even suspect that she had a hymen at all, or associate it with

virginity.

The modern Japanese male, also strongly influenced by Western ideas, makes it quite clear that he too prefers chastity in a girl in spite of the great drive for sexual equality. To be given the first opportunity to possess such a girl physically is a great honor and a filip in his ego. Modern society is still a very potent sexual charm to most Japanese men.

By contrast it is scorned in the Scandinavian countries, where sex education is probably more advanced than anywhere else in the world. For decades the Swedish male has been thinking over the perplexing question of virginity in females, and has decided he is better off without it.

"Under the American mask," says Dr. Alex Lindholm of Upsala University's medical school, "the Swedish male has rightly decided that he is freed of the obligation imposed upon him by his male from the very first night. The woman has always held over the man's head the fact that he deprived her of a very precious thing—her virginity."

For years afterwards, added the doctor, the husband was formerly suspected into believing that he had taken the most valuable thing on earth from his wife, something that he, as a man, could not replace or any price.

"These days sensible males prefer that their males have multi-stated experience behind them. This cancels out the previous ridiculous situation in which the new husband felt that he had to spend his wedding night maneuvering with all the pretence of a surgeon in order to consummate his marriage."

When he did, finally, succeed in conquering his new bride, he still had to be on guard against a traumatic attack taking place which would ruin his response to his ardent advances.

Fortunately, for the sake of the Swedish and other Scandinavian races, the attitude, during the present decade, are far more realistic. Instead of having to reconcile himself to the undoubted pain, retching attacks of the aver-

age bride on her first night, the new groom insists that she should be "with it" sexually. In short he wants his bride to share his love with as much enthusiasm as he, himself, can bring forth.

"I don't care if my wife has gone to bed with a dozen enthusiastic lovers before me," exclaims Swedish husband. "If she can handle herself in bed with me, who am I to call her on it? Anyway, I've made the same with at least twenty other women myself."

Slow though the transition to Swedish thinking certainly is in this country, some progress is being made. This seems obvious from what a teenage girl, writing in a mass circulation woman's magazine, had to say recently in answer to the question "Should I Be a Virgin?"

Suggesting that many girls in previous generations remained chaste out of fear of becoming pregnant, she pointed out that modern sex education and contraception makes this danger much smaller than it used to be.

She went on to ask herself whether the physical quality of virginity is really important, and answered in the negative. On the contrary, she added, virginity was a liability, because virgins now find it difficult to compete for boy friends in a society where most of their rivals are unchaste.

Just a few years ago, it was unheard of for any American woman's magazine to even hint to its readers that loss of virginity before marriage could be anything but a terrible tragedy. The fact that some of them treat it as importantly as the one quoted here is in itself significant of the scope of the virginity revolution.

One important facet of it is the belief, subscribed to by many modern doctors, that sustained virginity in both males and females is definitely harmful to health and long life. The normal human being has two primal urges—self-preservation and sex. The sex need cannot be destroyed any more than the need to eat.

It is present from birth, but between the ages of 16 and 26

it is at its peak. Sexual abstinence beyond 19 or 20 is classed by many sociologists as "unnatural," beyond 22 extremely difficult. Menstruation or "sexuality nervousness" is very frequently caused by sexual repression in both men and women. Hysterical paralysis is another psychologic illness stemming from it. Hypochondria, the desire to be sick, is commonly a defense mechanism against the sexual desire one is afraid to fulfill.

It is possible for a virgin to triumph over natural desire, but she—or he—pays for it. Frigidity, like impotence, is a common result of too long a period of sexual abstinence and, of course, a well-known cause of divorce.

While sociologists are by no means recommending that girls lose their virginity and indulge themselves promiscuously before marriage, they do say that mentally, loss of virginity can be beneficial. One of the biggest neuro-psychiatric diseases in the country reported recently that it hasn't had a single case of mental illness resulting from promiscuity.

Now, added the spokesman for the clinic, do women who were promiscuous before marriage continue to after marriage. No longer are broken up because of the wife's pre-marital loss of virginity and indulgence in sex. Just the opposite seems to occur and such marriages turn out to be very happy ones.

Not very long ago it was considered immoral for a woman to smoke a cigarette—a concept which is now laughable. Morals do change drastically, and those concerning virginity are due for the most drastic change of all.

## GAMES VIRGINS PLAY



"Other boys would bring her with money."

# SEX IS SITTING NEXT TO A GIRL ON A LONG DISTANCE BUS

Cartoons by Hageman



"I don't think you're even trying to pass them."



*"Hey Dad, I have a date, could I borrow  
your marriage license tonight?"*



*"I was hoping somebody would ask"*

# TOKYO AFTER DARK

Forget all that rubbish you read in the travel folders. The real Tokyo doesn't even begin to swing until the sun goes down. If you want to score up some beautifully erotic moments, this is the place.

*Topless female jazz  
guitar performance - what  
else is new? Not at all.*





Some of the shows they stage in  
Tōkyō would be banned in Paris



At the world jazz festival, he  
shows the ancient Japanese character.



Using basic preparation, Toyota  
vehicles can put us into nature.

*If you don't see what you  
want in Toyota — just ask!*







# Clara DeMede







## AFTER MOON AND JUNE—WHAT HAVE YOU?

The answer to that one is a talented expatriate named Clara DeMide who came in at the last gasp of the Beat Generation and wasn't ready for the Apple scene, so she became a Go Go dancer instead. Get the point, cousin? Course you don't, but that's because you don't know these creative gals—mysterious but fun!

"I am a poet" says Clara DeMide. "Or poetess, I should say—Only it's such a long, superficial word that it turns me off. Being a poet is a job—the only problem is you never make any money, but who cares? It's fun. It's fun writing about the clouds in the sky and about the trees and about the flowers. It's fun writing about why you think this poem is

fun or so mixed up. It's fun being free to experience everything and anything and not be ashamed of it.

Like being beautiful comes easily to Clara, so does poetry. And what's more her poetry is natural the way her brown-haired, brown-eyed beauty is natural.

"It all started" says the lady



part "when I was in middle school, I had this teacher whom I couldn't stand—Mrs. MacMeep. And just for fun all the kids started writing nasty things about her. Well, my poem came out better than any besides. For instance, my line 'Mrs. MacMeep is a creep' is the line that stuck and the kids in school are still calling her Creep MacMeep."

The 5'7", 118-lb. Chyn's tells, "In high school I wrote some poetry but it wasn't good. Later that I went out to the Coast and became part of the Best Generation. I was pretty young and my parents had all kind of the fun I went anywhere. It was great. We'd sit around the pool all day drinking up all kinds of poems and reading them to each other and before we knew it the day would be over and then we'd go walking around The Bay

*continued on next page*







now, or sometimes even take off and hitch through the wilderness. What a life?"

By the first Generation started breaking up. Some got married, some got jobs and votes went to jail—what was to become of the lovely lady poet Clara Delgado?

Since poets don't make money and the Go doesn't make







mainly, and the choice was to either go home to Nebraska or to stay in California as a Go Go dancer. Clara chose the Go Go scene.

"It's not too bad," she says. "In fact I like it. I have more material to write poems about and I can sleep all day. I do most of my writing while I'm waiting back stage to go on. This is the beginning of a poem I'm working on: 'It was dark/ the audience waiting/ the girls in sparkling gowns jumped/spun/ . . . etc.' It goes on. But that's not my best for a start, is it?

Anyway, I like dancing because it really, really gives your body a free feeling. Foxy gives your mind a free feeling and dancing does the same for the rest of you."

How else does the versatile Clara DeMotte go about getting her free feeling? She relaxes she works, she acts like a playmate, she gets pissed, she gets water-melon, she drinks cherry ice cream sodas. And she sings. (She's even cut a record but since it hasn't been released yet, we're not at liberty to mention the name of the song or the label.) But what does she do to relax? That you won't believe.

"To relax, to really put my mind at ease," says Clara, "I polish shoes. That way I can be doing something but at the same time not really be doing anything. get it? I have to polish shoes. I polish my shoes and I polish my friends' shoes. I polish them black and I polish them white. I don't particularly like to shine shoes because that's too much work, but putting the polish on is fun."

Keep us in, Clara, we expect a shoe polishing poem to appear in our next issue.



*"I feel guilty with you spending all this money on me—couldn't you just give it to me?"*



Lynn



**Lynn Allen:**







# GIRL WITH A VERY SPECIAL PROBLEM

Everyone always wants to be rich, it seems—except some of the people who are rich like very pretty Lynn Allen. Lynn says, "It's a drag. Believe me, it's a drag. After a while everything gets boring: Parties, parties, parties, country club affairs, dinners, resorts, business—forget it. Look, I'm twenty and I've been to Europe seven times. And I have to go again in another month just because it's the right thing to do—just because my family is expected. Paris, London, Geneva—forget it. I'd rather be with the kids at some local drive-in, but I know they'd think I was putting them on or they'd think I was 'slumming'."

Those don't seem like very big problems, but to Lynn they

are tremendous. She's missed her childhood, she's missed her teen years and even during college she had to act "proper" just so her parents wouldn't get a bad name.

"Look," she says, "when I was a kid I was sent away to this fancy boarding school in Connecticut. All the girls were just like myself, from very rich families, but most of them drop the school and drop wearing neckties, sweaters and fur coats. When I showed up to drop mine the headmistress was horrified." "Lynn," she said, "how dare you, and coming from a family like yours."

Then college—the same thing again, these snobby rich girls on their "nerfies." But the same







care were even worse. Then I'd be happy, maybe, but what's so funny? What's going to the toilet for a toilet and having the

said again saying, "I'll take it to the photo for you, Mrs. Ligon."

"And the country club—that

was even worse than anything else. I know all the kids would drive to the beach, the girls wearing bikinis and I knew they

*continued on next page*

the school as golf. I just wasn't meant for this kind of life."

So, 5'4", 100 lb., Lynn Allen, in spite of her long blonde-red hair and in spite of her very appealing figure and in spite of



would have around the stove all the evening and have been parties on the road—all except me. Where was I? In the country we play golf and which I hate, club playing and which I love, playing tennis which I love, and sitting around the pool in a cover sitting around and because women are having and because women at private country clubs are not allowed to wear bikinis because was much of them got exposed. Then at night—bikinis? Then "girls" where I have to dance with the "appropriate" ones of the "appropriate" members and we'd talk about something stuffy











her great sense of humor hasn't rough. For some people the life of Kuapapantua country clubs, big cats and good schools would be great—but not for Lynn. She's sorry she's missed the wild for forty percent of good college. Even now she would like to

meet more new-U people. Yet she has to settle for only the elite rich and the very wealthy. She's tired of being entered to by models and models—she's bored with and tired of everything.

But when talking to Lynn Allen, we get the feeling that very very soon she's going to break loose—and much out, world, Lynn's quite a girl.



# CAVALCADE CLOSE-UPS



Joe Van Clieff carries French starlet  
Elizabeth Berron across bench at Lido



Anything for publicity? Swedish star-  
let Monica Puccini lies down

"No more" or "Out where" tonight? Gisele  
Vulnerance will see number — and stay



Paint-a-dress fashions, now from  
Rona — need only curve and dry-erase.



# Alice Cullen: JUST BACK FROM THE PEACE CORPS



If someone told you Alice Cullen had been in South Africa for the last two years, would you find it hard to believe? Why live a life like this been running around Africa, when she could have been hanging around London, Paris, or New York? What was that girl doing in a pair of old shorts when she would have looked much better in a mini-skirt, a bikini, or evening dress, or nothing at all? Why did you live this year like Peace Corps when she probably would have been more comfortable in a *casquette*?

Dedication. Dedication is the word that made Alice join the Peace Corps. Dedication is what kept Alice in South Africa—working on the land, teaching the school children, and showing the women how to make economically and care for their homes.

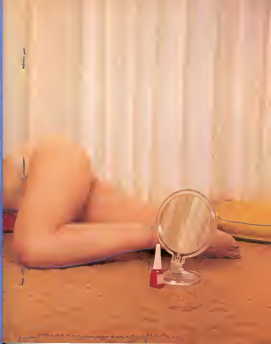
"It was hard, hard work," says Alice. "And if I said I loved every minute and never complained I wouldn't be telling the truth. But it was worth it. For the most part it was extremely gratifying. When the people start accepting you that's when you feel like you're giving some value. When they respond by producing some of the things you've taught them, that's when you feel the whole thing has been worthwhile. But for the most part, it's tough. They don't want outsiders taking their new ways or do the things that have been done one way for hundreds and hundreds of years. They don't understand that you're helping them for their own good. There are the things you have to fight against."



















"Sometimes," Alice says, "I get lonely. I missed the crowds of New York. I missed having a big, juicy steak; I missed listening Frank Sinatra. But I'm not at all sorry that I went. South Africa has its own charm and you get used to native food and ritual ways."

But after two years (just recently, matter of fact) Alice returned to the good, old USA, a very different person than when she left.

What was so different about Alice? She had seen a lot and she had experienced a lot—she had had a broader concept of the world—but that was not all. In fact—*that's the key word*—

"Before I left," she told us, "I was very prudish. I wouldn't even undress in gym class, and when I first got to South Africa, and saw all those women running around half-dressed, or not dressed, I thought I'd see some embarrassment. Before me it's very hard to work with people when you're even afraid to look at them. But after about a week you get used to it. In fact their naturalness is wonderful and you begin to look at them. They don't have guilt feelings about showing their bodies. The men and children accept the women the same way the men and children accept the women here wearing high heels. No one questions the way they are dressed."

"After a while," she says, "I found this was the only way to live. Be what you are. Be the way you were made. Forget all the superficial nonsense. The body is beautiful and natural and there is no reason at all to have to hide it."

That's the philosophy Alice brought back from South Africa, and hopes to practice for the rest of her life.

# Spurred On By Sex...



Ribald classic by  
Margaret of Navarre

In the time of King François I, there was a lady of royal blood who had name, virtue and beauty, and who knew how to tell a story with grace and also to laugh at a good one when she heard it. This lady, being at one of her houses, was visited by all her relatives and neighbors, by whom she was greatly beloved. Among other guests she received one from a certain lady, who, saying that everyone told the princess tales to divert her, wished to do like the rest, and said, "I have a good story to tell you, madam, but you must promise not to speak a word of it." It is quite true, and I can give it to you as such.

"There was a married lady who lived at very considerable terms with her husband, though he was old and she young. A gentleman in her neighborhood, seeing she had married this old man, fell in love with her and solicited her for several years, but she only replied to him to become a virtuous woman. One day it occurred to the gentleman that if he could come upon her at a moment advantageous to himself, she would perhaps not be so cruel. After he had long weighed the danger to which he exposed himself, he concluded upon all difficulties, dissipated his fear and determined him to seek time and opportunity. Keeping watch, he learned that the lady's husband was going away to another of his houses, and attended to cut out at daylight to avoid the heat. Meanwhile the gentleman repaired to the lady and found her asleep in bed. Seeing that the maid-servants were not in the chamber, he got into the lady's bed, covered and squared as he was, without having had the wit to lock the door. She awoke, and was very much vexed to see him there, but in spite of all her consciousness there was no stopping him—he violated her, and threatened if she made a noise to tell everybody she had used the bed, which frightened her so much that she dared not cry out. One of the servants came back some moments afterward into the chamber. The gentleman jumped up with such celerity that she could not have noticed anything if his spur had not caught in the bed cover and caused it to slip off the bed, leaving the lady quite naked."

So far the lady had told the story as if it had happened to another, but here she could not help crying, "Never was a woman more embarrassed than I when I found myself thus seized."

The princess, who had listened to the whole tale without a smile, could not then restrain her laughter, and said, "I see you were quite right in saying you knew the story to be true."

Then, the lady herself joined the delighted laughter of the others.

COMPUTER  
DATING  
SERVICE INC.



L. Kaplan

"I think I'll date this one myself!"

# Maria Hummel: GIRL

You can take the girl out of the circus but you can't take the circus out of the girl, as Maria Elena learned when she quit the Big Top and settled down in Madrid. One of these days she'll be back under the bright lights and the show really will go on.

When you see a girl doing all kinds of wild gymnastic stunts sometimes there's a moment there that "I just felt like getting a little exercise" or "I was in such a great mood I felt like jumping around and doing somersaults." Sometimes, body twisting is in a person's blood—particularly if they come from a circus family.

Such is true for Maria Elena Hummel, a beautiful blonde half-Spanish, half-German girl who today lives in light dress background. Dad, Hans, then working as German officer joined up with the Spanish circus in Granada when Maria Elena (then) Carlotta was walking the tight ropes. The blonde Maria was the lovely dark-eyed, dark-haired Lucia, naturally fell in love married within two weeks. Hans Hummel became the leading strong man of the show. Mom stayed backstage while Maria Elena began first as a baby clown, then followed in Mom's footsteps until she was about fourteen.

That's where most acts come directly from Maria Elena's ancestors for one simple reason—Maria Elena speaks only Spanish. Anyway, that child's life story is as follows. She was born in Sevilla, the city of magnificent Moorish architecture, beautiful palaces, tropical palms, and within a week was out of the city and making the European circuit low. Her first memories are of circus people,







# ON A TIGHT ROPE



when she will always love. Once you are part of the circus, she told us, there is no dropping out. Even if you become another sort of life, the circus is still part of you, in your blood. The tricks the rehearsing, the opening nights, but mainly the people.

She told us of Tiziana, the hot lady and of Lampedusa the head clown and of the Alvea-

ria, the world-famous striptease artist, of Clusent who trained the lions and about Federico Palmisani and his horses. She was turned on to everything; she talked about it and was starting to get us turned on.

Anyway, on which Benito's life story. She took lightbulbs very seriously until she was about fourteen and then some-

thing strange, happened. She started going with Carlos Alvea and her life changed—she got hooked. One day he said, "How about giving the ropes a try?" and she did. And loved them. Loved them more than she had ever loved the ropes, loved them more than she loved riding backback loved them more than she had ever loved anything in













her life. Then after hours when the circus tents were dark, when the crowds had split, secretly she began training with Carlos. First she learned how to swing sitting down, then how to swing standing up, then how to jump through the air and hook onto the other swings. Then after extensive practice she was ready to perform.

How did Mom react to daughter leaving the Cardinals and working with the Alcega group? She flipped out. Maria Elena said (via interpreter). At first she laughed and thought it was a joke, then she tried to convince

Mama Elena to return to the high wire, then she cried and cried in circus life if you come from a rope-walking family you stay with them. If you come from a lion taming family you stay with them, if you come from a trapeze family you stay with them. You just don't go changing around. Why? Who knows? Maybe traditions.

So for seven years Maria Elena worked the trapeze getting better at it, all the time, and all the time the tension growing stronger between her and Mama, between the Hummel and the Alcega — at the time Maria

Elena loving the swing more and more and all the time her mother feeling that Maria Elena was letting her down, her only child not following in her footsteps.

Then one day Mrs. Hummel and Maria Elena had it out. She told Elena that she was a disgrace to the Cardinals family. For years, generations after generations since the early 1800's the Cardinals family had been world famous as the rope — now — her daughter would not carry on the tradition and she was disgraced.

In the perplexed moments split. Grow up the circus life, got her

*continued on next page*







and a pad in Madrid, got herself a job as a model, and there she lives all alone, with her memories. Memories of the greatest people she's ever known, people who would do anything in the world for her, people who were enthusiastic, exciting, loving and warm. For relaxation she is one drink who doesn't go out and get smashed on vodka, nor does she go

bar hopping, she goes out to her own backyard to practice some of the old circus routines; only now there's no sword and no opening night and no bright lights.

We give Maria Elena about another six months of correspondence, Madrid before she flies off and rejoins the circus, and again becomes a part of the only kind of life that could ever make her happy.

# YOU CAN DO IT WITH ONE FINGER

*If you think wet paint  
is dangerous, then stay  
away from this swinging  
gal when her sexy details  
are dry. For art lovers  
only. But aren't we all?*







In the old days — good or bad — tattooing was a rather painful process, often causing a deep split in the epidermis, especially when tedious choices to do such things. And, what was worse the tattoos were almost unsalvageable. At least you had to go through an operation, another painful process. The tattoo scars have never been cruder than during the last months, and seeing all the fuzzy tattoo marks on the most delicate places, especially girls, you would think that tears had been shed.



*Could wallpaper men that be  
his, alternate: some mark your?*



*Sexy looking woman is big to  
come with new tattoo jewelry*

Fortunately, this is not the case. The marks are only transferable pictures. You can buy them in some made sheets with 10 various pictures, to be cut out and placed here downwards on the spot where you prefer the mark. The back of the picture is then soaked, the paper usually removed, and the picture stays on the skin. Stays on even after a bath or sea water. It is only removable by means of nail polish remover.





# Barbara Marco: "1984 WAS NEVER LIKE THIS"



Barbara Marco works as an executive secretary in one of those glass and steel and plastic high-rise office complexes in southern California. It's a little like 1984-in 1988, but there are a lot of compensations. Like a great salary, fringe benefits, pay-boosting plans, a 32-hour-week, individual-office air conditioning, a commissary with a French chef instead of a fat dry-cook. Yet something is missing: Barbara feels, and that something is humor.

"I mean, I believe in efficiency and all that," Barbara says, "but there are other things in the world—or am I wrong?" Barbara knows she isn't, and that's why she can't help kidding the guys in the horn-rimmed glasses who monitor the closed-circuit television when she works.

"The company says the TV cameras aren't there to spy on us or anything," Barbara says, "and I'm inclined to believe them. Our big bosses in the monitoring room are there to watch over us, to see nothing happens to us. They're there to improve efficiency, to spot errors in the work flow, to help us to become better and more efficient—that's that word again—employees. Still and all, they're so solemn about it, I can't help kidding them a little."

"Oh sure. I've had a memo or two from the personnel office about my 'boonies behavior,' as they like to call it, but my boss is too big a wig for them to do anything about it. Like the big one I mean."

Just just, what does Barbara do to bring a "man or two" from the postmodern people? Like she says, she looks around. She only does it when all her important work is caught up, yet it's enough to get the horns even shook up.

Put yourself in their place for a minute: will you. For instance, just how would you feel if you switched over to Miss Mary's elegant office and found her got given a girl asking you if you'd "stand any lady?" and stuff like that? Or you make a sharp cut to see what this usually super-efficient girl is doing and you find her telling you "I can't stand this any more, Clive. All this meeting in out of the way places. Why can't we—why shouldn't we—take the whole world at our feet? It's you I want, Clive, and nothing else will do—do you hear, Clive? If your wife won't agree to a divorce, then we'll go away together. We'll go to some country, perhaps even to some tropic island where no one knows us. There we'll be together always, Clive—just the two of us. What cares what people say, Clive? Are you listening, Clive?" I say Clive!

Barbara admits that the pot of her "Clive" comes from watching old English movies on television. Her boss laughs at it as much as she does, but not while the company cameras are watching. More than once, he has asked her to cut it out—and she always promises to do so. Yet when the moment of truth comes, she can't help herself. She starts laughing all over again. But nothing happens—no push aside from the front office—because Barbara is such a whiz on her job. When she has finished the "apologies," as Barbara likes to call the company, she lives with two other girls in a posh pad in North Hollywood. She's a real put-on no matter where she lives. She wouldn't have it any other way—and neither would we.

Meet a swinging executive secretary with a lively sense of humor who kicks the boys with the horn named spear. Only a girl that good at her job could get away with it, but, anyway, who would want to get mad at a girl like Barbara. Certainly no one we know.

















# THE SEX EXCHANGE

## Girl Swapping On Campus

Hip college students are going one better than the wife swappers out in the suburbs. They're swapping their girl friends...



Clarence Nash

Remember the days when college students started beds in the main country—eventually occupied. Well, times have changed in at least one respect. Today's campus drama are taking a lesson from the older folks—those in their thirties and forties. Out in the well-furnished dorms with swapping has been a real fad for quite some time. It's just starting to catch on with the campus crowd. There's only one difference: the college steps don't have moves, as a general rule, as they creep their steady girlfriends. If you ask them, "Is this way way to run a campus?"—they will answer unhesitatingly, "You bet it is."

Most of our crazy national beds start in California. You know—surfing, water skiing, dog oversteering. And, of course, bed swapping. It must be the climate. Anyway, trading girlfriends for the night started on the Golden State campus, and now it's a big thing all over the U.S. of A. As a source of entertainment it has made bed rolling and telephone booth exchanging completely obsolete.

College officials know what's going on, but there isn't much they can do about it. Even if they could put an end to this new and interesting custom, they aren't too anxious to set off another series of campus riots. Youth will have its way, even if it has to throw rocks and throw police cars to get it. The Berkeley riots were all aimed up with political liberty. Just think what might happen if the double-dome in the administration office tried to get in the way of sexual liberty.

In a way, girlfriend swapping was inevitable. Modern college students get everything they want, so they're bored. They're always ready to try something new. Ordinary boy-girl sex on campus, or off it, has become so routine that everybody takes it for granted. "Going steady with one girl is like being married, man," is the way one bored and blue-jointed had expressed his opinions to Jesse Wing, a

West Coast writer. "After a while a girl is to be a drag. If you stand still, you're dead, dad. Variety is the spice, as the man said."

Maybe you think the girls don't like it. They do, or at least they say they do, because what campus chicks want to be pegged as square. College girls get just as bored as the boys. After all, when you've tried police catching, civil rights riots, standing the cops, listening Joan Baez, marijuana, pop pills, other stuff, and ordinary sex—what else is there left to do. Russian roulette and free-fall sky-diving are already as dated as the rumble suit. Trading partners for the night just had to come along.

Maybe you're old enough to remember the innocent campus "angie" of yesterday when the gang got together to drink Champs and read bad poetry in a candlelit room. They were doing that in the Chicago bohemian section more than thirty years ago. Once in a while some hot sport would exclaim, "Why don't we all take observations." Sometimes they did, but usually it was too cold or some of the gang checked out at the last moment. One way or the other, they never really got going in those bygone days.

By today's standards, those old-time campus bohemians were completely, utterly, hopelessly square. Like Rip Van Winkle, they would be wildly confused if they happened to stumble by accident into a group of modern girl swappers. The girl swappers don't need the old-time props—poetry, candlelight, incense—to get with it. Nobody has to tell them to take off their clothes. They do it just as casually as the old married folks did in the suburbs. Maybe they're even cooler about the whole issue. Anyway, they don't make much of a big thing out of it. And they're never embarrassed in the morning.

It's impossible to pinpoint the college where girl-swapping first started. Even if we knew, it wouldn't be right to cast the first stone. Jesse Wing, the first

social commentator to catch onto the new campus trend, thinks it was rather like a case of spontaneous combustion. Sort of like the two astronauts, at different ends of the world, who whip up some new gadget without either of them being aware of the other's existence. Down in Florida a certain push college claims to have beaten California to the dorm, but there's probably just another example of the old rivalry between the two states. No matter who invented the routine it is now an established way of life in the halls of Ivy.

It works this way. If you're a swinger, then obviously you've been sleeping with some steady girlfriend. Perhaps even two or three "steady" girlfriends. Like the bored old student told Jesse Wing, it gets to be something of a drag, even if you like the the girl, or girls, as the case may be. It's too much like the split-level, second marriage. "Tch, station wagon cars. It is definitely up-hill. So what doesn't follow do?" He takes over the emotional hang-up with some of the other guys, who have come to reject the same conclusions, and they decide to make a break with the crazy one boy/one girl tradition. That's a start.

Naturally the girls must be consulted. That's only fair in this age of the feminist mystique. The grab-them-by-the-hair Brandt approach doesn't work too well with the chicks who cut their hair and have almost no-idea for civil disobedience. But if you talk, they listen. In their world a new idea is as attractive as a jewelry store to an old man's routine. A few years ago they talked about "self expression" when they really meant "sex." Today, they just talk about sex when they mean sex. It makes it easier to get to the heart of the matter.

The most intriguing group will always contain a few secret squares, who don't dig the swap shop, but those are easily worked out and sent to campus limbo, where they must do penance before they are ready and willing

# Girl Swapping On Campus

to rejoin the hip world. The rest of the gang, the ones who want to experience everything, are now start the ball rolling, and when they have a ball, they have a ball.

The best place to stage a girl swap party is a rented house or, failing that, a reasonably large off-campus apartment. Unlike the suburban set, they seldom start off the evening with laughter and barbs in the backyard. Nobody wears an apron with **COOKIE** or **COKE** AND **GIT IT** embroidered on the front. The boys don't talk about Chevy chases or muscle funds. The girls don't exchange chatter about diaper services or handsome railfences. Usually somebody brings portable stereo, photograph and a stack of John Coltrane records. Somebody else provides gallons of non-alcoholic topped up with absolute alcohol from the chemistry lab. Or maybe a bag of Madonna pot—the real goods, stuff from SoHo. They don't really need it, or so they say, but it does give the party a lift.

Playing is serious in a strictly out with the girl swap crowd. You take the girl you get and like it, or else. To the IN crowd all life is a gamble, a game of chance. So they make the choice of partners a sort of Irish Sweepstakes. Sometimes everyone's name is written on slips of paper and shaken up in a hat. The only time you get a second chance to draw a name is when you end up with your own girlfriend. To go to bed with your own steady at a swap is the ultimate in bad manners, and it simply will not be tolerated. After the raffia is completed, everybody

pairs off, and you're on your own. A little later, if everyone is agreeable, the hat is passed again, and the fun is renewed. But there are no set rules about this.

Actually, there is only one rule of behavior after the preliminaries are over—to keep cool. Any guy who gets singing-on-jukebox drunk gets tossed out on his ear. You can look at, but you can't touch another guy's girlfriend tonight. The idea is to get "stoned" by the total experience. And you must never blab about what goes on inside the group. If you do, you might as well stay in the library again, and become a study boy, because none of the IN group will ever speak to you again. Girls also sometimes break the rules and get taken home—but never pigs. They're supposed to know better.

So far the college swap parties seem to have worked very well, by their own standards. No major scandals have blown up, although there have been flurries of local indignation and some action by the police. Generally, though, the swap parties have been conducted with such discretion that they have gone unnoticed by those editors who make a living by writing about college life. In many instances, parents are still worried about their daughters sleeping with our boys to even consider the possibility that overnight sleeping with perhaps a dozen. To them she is still the same sweet little thing who comes home on vacation with her book-bag and twin Furrow hairdo.

If by some chance you know a swapper, you will find that he or she sees nothing wrong in the club activities. Ask about morality, or even good taste, and likely as not you will get a quote from Lawrence Lipson, the best writer and current high priest of the sex for sex's sake cult that has its headquarters on the West Coast. One of Lipson's theories is that sex need not be interrupted by old-fashioned romantic notions. Lipson believes group sex should be a

sort of artistic ritual, that it should be dressed up with music and art and "self recognition." Right now his ideas are very big with the swap crowd. The latest book, which is selling very well, is regarded as the definitive work on enlightened sex impressions.

To the girl swapper society really is the space of life, and even among the swappers themselves there are degrees of difference. Outside of California, with the exception of the sophisticated Cambridge (Mass.) crowd, most swappers are happy with the present setup. They haven't been at it long enough to get bored. However, among the really hip swappers it is considered a vital task to end up with a girl you don't like. Or, better, a girl who doesn't like you. A swap couple who can get with it under such circumstances is regarded with awe and admiration. How far can you go after that?

Joan Wang, the writer mentioned earlier, managed to talk with one such couple. Of course, he was sworn to secrecy. The boy—a sandy type with strong glasses—had pulled a stunning chick out of the grab-bag. They defiled one another nicely. The boy said: "I know Miss X hated my girl, and I don't think she has a thing going for her except her looks. That made it interesting in the sack—my brain and her body. It was like a French movie."

The girl said: "I still think he's a jerk, but I'm looking forward to the next time. I guess we're ready! The whole world's ready! The time to do a swap with the times."

You can make up your own mind about the rights and wrongs of campus girl swapping. Like it or not—it's here and it's likely to remain for quite a while. Not all college students have landed onto the new lode—just enough of them to make it an interesting aspect of the New States.

As the girl said: "It's a crazy world."



*"By George, it's working—I'm feeling my kneecaps."*

## SEX IS THE LAST TIME YOU LIKED CAPTAIN KANGAROO

Cartoons by Bill Wenzel



*"He's right—with a tall, good-looking husband like that, why do you bother with a skin like me?"*



*"Let's have a long engagement...or at least until you get pregnant."*





*"Sure thing, Red, I can see your name in lights  
right now. Say, what's your name?"*

# HONOLULU HERE WE COME!



Roger Rich

Read the headlines any day of the week and you'll find out what U.S. fighting men in Vietnam are doing, at the front. But what are they doing in the rear?

GIs in Vietnam are learning two things about Asia: life is cheap—and so is sex. With half a million American men in South Vietnam, brothels are booming in that country's capital. A horde of Congressmen—like Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas—recently got themselves worked up over rampant prostitution in Saigon. So high old ladies ending their careers in joined forces with the churches, politicians, and newspapers to demand that brothels be off-limits. Action on the front is allowed, but action in the Vietnamese capital is taboo. At least that's the way the would-be reformers would like it.

Despite all that over 600,000 are in Saigon, the headlines failed to mention the favorite hot town of Viet vets on the ground. Not half a world away, this one is right on American soil: Honolulu is the city for GIs on those long R and R (rest and recreation) leaves. Long before the first American died in Vietnam, Honolulu was a "home zone." Today that is more true than ever. Recently Uncle Sam reported that it costs more to live in Honolulu than in any other U.S. city. Now, with war in Asia, traffic jammed through Hawaii has skyrocketed. And the most luxurious—and most likely—camps in more than 600

Every serviceman headed to or from Vietnam usually has to pass through Honolulu. There's one thing every soldier wants after risking his neck for months in a steaming jungle—sex. And Honolulu is wide open. Even if a soldier is on his way to Vietnam and hasn't seen any action yet—maybe, that is—one thing will make him hope that his last days on American soil could be his last—an American woman.

Whether a serviceman just wants to unwind, whether he's served his time in Vietnam and is being sent stateside to be discharged, or whether he is just damn glad he's still in company, it all means the same thing: hell raising. Those GI boys thrown before shipping out haven't changed a bit. With all my top military destinations—Pearl Harbor, Hickam Air Force Base, the U.S. Coast Guard station on Ford Island (in the harbor), Fort Armstrong and Fort Belknap—within the city territory, a different medium-size city would have a hard time filling the bill. But not Honolulu. In Saigon there simply aren't enough American girls to go around. But not in Honolulu.

Honolulu's capital is a city teeming with girls and guys on the make, the kind of place where a soldier naturally fits in. Honolulu is, of course, one of the biggest tourist cities in the U.S. and "tourist" is just another word for stranger. So in such a place a GI who's only half-billy doesn't stick out like a sore thumb. Honolulu's a GIs' town, the green that have away from home—but with more than one home.

What is there for GIs to come "home" to?

Girls—thousands of them! They hang in and out of the city so fast from the mainland by air

The serviceman on R & R should stay away from Honolulu because this is one town where a guy can get just about anything except rest and recuperation. Just name your pleasure—any pleasure—and you'll find it in Hawaii.

plane land—everyday. Some of them go to the University at Hawaii (14,000 students) but most of them are working girls looking for fun in the sun—and boys same.

Sometimes they come in pairs—also visits on vacation—but the older girls usually are here. Staff buses, from where O's go long hours often take buses, prefer the older girls, especially the school teachers who come for just a week or two. Away from home, in a city where nobody knows them—and without a girl friend to tell the tale—these girls can do anything they want for a couple of weeks. Then they go home and so can't the same.

Here's how it works: a girl arrives at Honolulu International Airport, takes a bus to her hotel, checks in, and unpacks. She's got 7, 10, maybe 14 days—and nights—ahead of her if she hasn't already worried about being lonely, now she begins. She'll probably spend half of her days—if it's a long stay—eating the nights. But there's no complaining at night, and not too many girls will go to night spots unaccompanied. She spends a lot of time downstairs in the hotel bar or on the beaches of Waikiki. This is where our man on the ground comes in.

A guy need only pour a drink at a bar or see himself on the beach. Girls will plunk down anyway or send out good vibrations. After a couple of days those new faces who play hard-to-get start warming up a love-me vacation or so too. No girl travels halfway across the Pacific just to get a non-committal night, especially all the girls going in for the weekend from the scenic sun-baked West Coast.

These weekend swingers fit about all over Waikiki where the skyscraper hotels change the recent town's skyline every month. These chicks also work for the airlines, either as clerks, secretaries or stewardesses. Flying costs them little or nothing, they're accustomed to flying free and easy (Since Hawaii's a state's big tourist attraction, and close off the air traffic going to the

Orient stops near in Honolulu, Waikiki is jammed with planes used to a short lay-over and a quick take-off. It's just a four or five hour hop away from anywhere along the West Coast and so—even if it isn't on their normal run—these air babies spend a weekend in Hawaii as easily as others take a taxi to the beach.

In fact the airlines have had such a tough time controlling this flying crowd that several companies now frequently shut in their personnel. No circumstances go to Honolulu too often, now are they scheduled to fly too often with the same crew—often waste no time either.

Here, if a girl normally tends to be straight-laced, everything about Honolulu encourages her to be otherwise. Aside from all the encouragement she's got from O's, everywhere she goes things are swinging. Any time of day or night Kalia Avenue, Waikiki's gay street which runs along the beach front, is alive with a young crowd dressing up and down, looking for action. All the big hotels, strip shows, movie houses, go-go clubs and a sprinkling of flunky night joints are lined up along the avenue. There's quite a show at a club called The World of Snake Wang, which features the usual hip-hop fare plus a bottomless bar. Then there's the Whorehouse, a "psychedelic" dance hangout for all those anti-establishment hippies. It has a no-dress-changing rock and a swinging night show, but this place tells no house—these kids arrive high on things you can't buy over the counter.

Though go hardest, wearing only their swimwear in the street, most of the girls wear bikinis and the smaller they are—and they get very small in Honolulu, as small as in the future—the more stylish they are. The traffic is heavy, with a lot of surf boards popping out of car windows or strapped on the roofs. Lots of motorcycles (the great year-round climate makes "bikes" extremely popular) bring riders in swarming gear down to Waikiki beach, where

most of the local action is. Plenty of chicks drive a little better of their own, and they all know how to handle it.

If the atmosphere doesn't leave a girl up, the atmosphere in the beachfront hotels will. Most of them have been overground floor which open onto the beach front and during the day it's common to come up off the beach and walk up to the bar for a tall ice cold drink—the Mai Tai is a favorite. In the daytime it's perfectly OK to be sitting on a bar stool in a bathing suit or bikini. Naturally, a lot of smart girls who never before perfect their hot wet come down to the bar in their bikinis. And if an unworried girl steps up to the bar in a wet bikini, having next to nothing in the imagination, you can figure out what she really wants when she asks for "a tall one." Before that hotel has a chance to dry, you can bet she'll find what she's looking for.

The girls spend it out another way: they come to the beach with their hair done up, with plenty of makeup and they wear earrings. Then they sit under a beach umbrella or in the shade of a palm tree. They don't intend to swim. They don't want to see in the water run. They're after a different kind of heat.

In the off-season, these swinging birds lower their rates and become favorite hangouts for young career-minded officers who are permitted to live off base. Some hotels even have special rates for servicemen. Staying in such a hotel has its advantages. Aside from being able to keep an eye on the whole scene—and having first pick of the new arrivals each day—hotel residents can cover more territory. They have the convenience—if they want it—of waking up in their own rooms and finding their own toothbrush. And things look more romantic to the younger, inexperienced girls if a soldier appears to be just another tourist in their hotel. If for some reason a younger Vietnam veteran laughs every thing, there's always "room service."

continued on next page

The hotel desk clerks and bell boys are a different kind of women, very old, a different kind of women. Slightly older girls who don't look too good in slouching suit find the competition tough on the beaches. More than one desk clerk has been asked up to a woman's room late at night because she says the lights don't work in her bedroom. When he gets there, she greets him at the door in her nightgown. She takes him into a dark room and—wasn't you guess?—she simply couldn't find the light switch. By the time the clerk turns on the lights, she's dropped her nightgown and starts to turn him out.

So the hotel staff knows where it's at. Chances are the whole crew knows the hotel's bookies will cough to fix a guy up with just a phone call. If that's not what interests you, they can just as easily deliver anything you like. Room service costs extra, but the officers can usually afford it easily.

But you don't have to be an officer to make out on the beaches. In bathing suits, you can't tell a general from a Pfc. And being half naked turns out to be a great disguise when a GI comes across a hippie chick on the beach. (Honolulu has a big hippie colony in an area of Waikiki the locals call "The Jungle." Because it's populated with lots of beads, mud bums, hippies, pot-smoking students. Heavily opposed to the war, lots of the hippie chicks won't give a soldier a second look. But if a soldier plays it cool, he can get in on the ground floor before the hippie girls know what's up.

When the GIs leave Waikiki they find that the rest of Honolulu has whatever servicemen's town has—only it's older, bigger and more exotic. In Hawaii's capital. Most of the city's worst houses are not in high-priced Waikiki, but in the "red-light" district downtown, right next to the shopping and "legitimate" business areas of the city. The houses in this district and in adjoining China Town are among the oldest establishments in the Pacific. They date back to the

days of the clipper ships which put into Honolulu's big harbor before continuing on to the Orient. In his book *Honolulu*, James Michener reveals something of that era—a father takes his 13-year-old son to a house and has him initiated by the priest.

And long before Pearl Harbor was bombed, Honolulu was a military-dominated city, and, possibly, the servicemen had to be "served." The *Arrival of Missus Shaver* reveals how much money American girls made by working with an established house. From *How to Survive* also given the lowdown on wartime Honolulu. When prostitution was legal in Honolulu, soldiers literally stood on line if a girl serviced 15 soldiers a day—some took on 100—at five bucks a throw, she made quite a bundle. Even if the house took four dollars of every five, \$55 a day was right big money during the 40s.

It still is. And although the amateur hours in Waikiki have cut into these businesses, the foreign houses are amazingly profitable as ever. The city officials have no desire to anger the town's huge population of servicemen and so they never seem to hear the perennial civilian complaints. Maybe he explains why the entire vice squad of the Honolulu Police Department consists of only five men.

To be sure, the military likes to take care of its own and soldiers constantly cruise the downtown and Waikiki areas. But they usually don't interfere with houses that give the boys a good time for a fair shake. Still, there are some areas totally off-limits to servicemen, and that includes both legal and illegal establishments. Downtown along Hotel and King streets are rows of pool halls, "massage" parlors, dance halls, gay bars and former-telling bookies. Lots of these places are teeming with overpaid bastards, and the city's big glibby population makes its living there. Many of the downtown and jewelry shops throughout the area are staffed by flashy, fast-talking salesmen

who try to take servicemen for whatever the glibber don't got.

In the dance halls it's 50¢ a "dance," but lots of GIs don't realize that such change in the man's tempo is a "new" move. GIs are constantly getting socked by the mercenary madley.

The guy seems to be big in Honolulu that a local law requires guys who dress like girls to wear a sign that says, "I am a male." But this law doesn't work against the real pros, who can fool anyone, including the vice squad. Police don't concern themselves too much with the obvious "queens," but rather with those who have a lip-swinging GI into a dark alley to roll him. If you have ever seen those phony "broads" kick off their boots, square off and slug it out in a bathroom hotel, then you'll know why the brass makes a special effort to keep GIs out of the tougher gay bars.

But most of the members of GIs go NER don't come from Brooklyn or Los. It seems like every few weeks the two local papers report a GI killed in "action"—in Honolulu! There are tens of thousands of women living alone on military bases in or near the city. While their husbands are on duty in Vietnam—and away from their wives six to twelve months—the swinging atmosphere often sets a young wife's mood wandering. And if she follows her thoughts, chances are someone's in her trouble. She may decide to mix up with a GI who will be shipping out before her husband returns. But a sudden change of schedule—which is not uncommon—can leave her husband and lover on the same base. People talk and if the returning warrior gets the word from a buddy, the shooting starts. When a soldier's been at the front, learning to tell without flinching, you can bet he won't mince words with his wife's lover, especially if recent boy has never earned his keep in Vietnam.

So there it is—the man, the hat, the action in Honolulu. Once you've tasted it, you'll never want to go home.

# TARZAN NEVER HAD A JANE\* LIKE THIS

"Jane Fonda, that is. When you wind up our No. 2 Sex Symbol she drives men out of their coffee potter\* heads."

They used to laugh at me back in 1957 when I would tell them that one day the big female stars of the film business might not come from Hollywood at all. This was partly, I suspect, because I always wore very tiny trousers at that time and often looked as a co-coon as most while being particularly dogmatic about things.

I didn't mind them laughing. It was better than having them spend me altogether, which they also used to do, or else they round the car-hole and tell me to run away and play. Such treatment, believe me, is not as funnier to those of powerful intellect with a vision not shared by lesser men.

Some quarters of a century later, needless to say, I have been spinously vindicated—and that any of the models have ever come up and waving my hand. For a long time now, since Marilyn Monroe maybe, the sexiest (and cinematic) bodies have come from Europe, not America. I give you, for instance, Sophia Loren, Brigitte Bardot, Audrey Hepburn, Jeanne Moreau and even Julie Christie, although I know quite well that you are unlikely to give them back up an



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While this list—and I've named only the ones whom I have actually approached to become my co-pair—have been getting steadily more important, Holly wood has persisted mainly with Bette Davis as character actor and the continuing story of *Drum Day*. Had a dozen films my have been given intended garbage (if I may borrow from my colleague Jeffrey Bernard without risk of having him try to borrow from me) but I get the strange feeling that they are all Ann Morgan really. It's not just out of sheer generosity that they've named Matt Helm and Jack. That with up to four-ecce been ten per picture you know. The United States has swapped quality for quantity more than once in its long and glorious history. Look at how much there is of LBJ.

Elizabeth Taylor is a giant of course, but she has been for simply ages, hasn't she, darling, and Natalie Wood could be something if she took a little more care in choosing her roles. Thereafter there has been such



a death of Hollywood heroines in the horror world that I've been thinking of asking them to let me borrow the gadget so that I can put a few for myself in the comfort and privacy of my own home.

In these circumstances, as you can think me, I give you a definite pleasure in meeting Jane Fonda who now joins the first of young women who have made non-sense of everything I have to say.

I have had the good luck to catch her in three films in quick succession lately, and now have to state that she is thoroughly exciting and remarkable and likely to overturn all known opposition unless she gives it up tomorrow to become a man.

If you could buy a bit for making up big movie stars you would find that she has all the components plus a number of those optional extras that provide you with a really professional thank-you note her looks so much. It never is with the good ones. Her figure is less than impeccable, she has a peculiar nose and her teeth stick out quite a long way. From some angles she looks exactly like her father Henry Fonda, which is not a bad way to come out but naturally looks even better on a man.

The resident slave had meanwhile, very on time, brought in his report. She is one of those actresses—Anna Magnani is another—who absorb themselves so totally in a role that it is hard to believe they are getting paid for it and are quite different in the evenings when they get home.

And say—remember? In *Valdez's The Game Is On* she occasionally seemed, watching her steps like a rich back pulling a grape in Tennessee's Merry Meadows she came up dramatically, holding Michael Caine with the urgency of a fire truck.

In *Barfly* as the Irish she cleverly combines both these social styles and adds the timing opportuneness of the American urban fringe which is great fun to watch, though, as everyone knows, sheer murder in real life. (*Barfly* as the Irish" is also



great fun to watch—one of the wildest pictures likely to show this year.)

Fonda, in short, is well on the way to being one of those performers whose name is more suggestive than the title of the picture when it comes to running an eye down the *Argumentative Guide*.

I asked her marriage to Roger Vadim has something to do with it, although I'm not pretty much at home for getting on so well with girls. Since she went to live in France his interest has found a nice balance between European and American whimsy, and that is probably what all big stars in the future will have to do as the world shrinks to the size of a golf ball.



# "All Rights, Girls, Take It From The Top."



How Christian Anderson would tip  
if he knew real Copenhagen of today

I knew Denmark was exporting the poetry. But I never knew they were exporting things like the Topless Quartet—at least, not until I went into a place called Otto's, got myself seated at the bar, ordered a martini and waited for the show to begin.

I had only been looking for a bar which had some entertainment—but given this like, wow! It didn't hit me until these girls were on stage that they were topless Topless Quartet. I'd read about them, I'd heard about them, and I'd thought about them—but I'd never seen a topless show, and that's the truth.

Wow, and double wow! First of all, the reason these girls were making was good—but who cared? It was looking at them, or not looking at them, that mattered.

I hate to admit that when they first come on stage and stand in front of you and start to play, it's almost embarrassing. I mean, it's downright embarrassing!

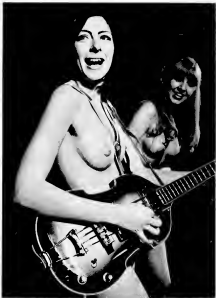
If you're a normal guy like I think I am, and are not prepared for such an attraction, then you get this kind of funny (but good) feeling. Like you're not sure whether to look or not—you're not sure whether you're supposed to look.

Then after you get adjusted after you've almost headed your drink over your, after you've almost taken off the bar stool, after you've gotten the nerve to look at the rest of the audience to see whether they're watching or blushing: yes, and only then do you start giving a look out of the whole thing.

Then you start having a dispute with yourself—should I look at the guitar player, or maybe at the sax player? Or the drummer is up to something very interesting.

Just about then the music stops, the girls leave the stage and you realize that from 8 to 3 minutes of music you've got, maybe, a year's worth of pleasant dreams.





Hot Music, hotter audience keeps  
singer Down from freezing cold.



## MODERN SEX TECHNIQUES

[illegible]

Applied Developmental Psychology 25:4 (2004)  
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English and Portuguese are spoken in Brazil and about 100 million people speak Spanish in Latin America. In addition, there are many other languages spoken in the Americas, including Nahuatl, Mayan, and Aztec. The Americas are also home to many indigenous languages, such as Quechua, Aymara, and Guaraní.

London E.C.4, England



## UNRETOUCHED

Polymers from monomers containing hydroxyl groups are called polyhydroxy alcohols. They are produced by the reaction of the monomers with isocyanate groups.



## I GOT FIVE

Developed by: M. I. and J. L. Lippman  
 Version: 1.0 (1994) and 1.1 (1995)  
 Date: 1994-10-10 and 1995-01-10  
 Location: M. I. and J. L. Lippman  
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from 2006-2007 onwards, the number of cases has increased and more cases

The present work is the last in a series of papers of the author on the topic of the structure of the  $W$ -boson. The author is grateful to the referee for his valuable comments.

At last, after long negotiations, the two men found that their shared hopes and wish for a real, unadorned photograph was the common ground.

He was offering to bring a people who were so brave, who stood for freedom and the way of life as a healthy ideal and better. "The best of everything" as Americans would say.

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*"I hope you don't mind—I'm trying to get my son  
interested in medicine."*

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## Two Features

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**TURN OF MIND** MAKE  
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[illegible]

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Wasting all the way. Now, wouldn't they all be coming out together. The road is a completely featureless stretch of road, so straight and flat there will just seem to be holes in the road and nothing apart from about once in a while. You must be over 11 in water. But if it is, it is 11 in 110. CHAIRMAN: There are two sections from the street down to the river.

Page: 1000  
Date: 10/10/2009

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## SASSY STORIES



**THE QUEEN OF LATER** Ingeborg and her French husband, King Christian, ruled all sorts of things in the past, but the queen of the Ingeborg, Ingeborg, ruled. Some are of the opinion that Ingeborg was a very good queen. All sorts of things, Ingeborg, ruled.

**Abstract**

20 I'm aware that this may 21 be a little more than I 22 am being charged for, but 23 I'll accept it.	24 I'm pleased to be able to 25 show you some more of 26 the things that I've got 27 for you.
28 I'm going to have good things 29 for you.	30 The lady said that she 31 was interested in the 32 collection.
33 I'm going to have something 34 for you.	35 I'm going to have something 36 for you.
37 I'm going to have something 38 for you.	39 I'm going to have something 40 for you.

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ings of the physician—by Maudsley. *Uses of Phosgene*, in which reading is a man who can (and cannot) and will lead to go. For the contemplated text on that translation is the famous French, as opposed to the one with, Williams, which is a technical one.

**2**

## Full course menu







# A JUNKIE DAY IN LONDON TOWN



Drug addicts from all over the world flock to the British capital to take advantage of liberal narcotics laws which allow junkies to get a legal fix whenever they need it. Does the system help people already afflicted or does it create new addicts? The answer is that it seems to do both. These exclusive photos reveal the nightmare world of Needle City.

With the present liberal laws in England it is possible for a registered drug addict to get a prescription from a friendly doctor, and thus receive a daily dose of heroin from the neighborhood druggist.

Our reporter met one of these young addicts, Jason, aged 20, in the subway at Finsbury Circus. It was after 11 at night, he had just received his ration, and was busy purping it into his blood with the help of a friend.

Jason began with pop pills at the age of 14. When he was 16 he began work as a painter, and his sales grew enough to cover what he needed for himself. Later, while still at school, Jason began using LSD and hashish. At 17 he got hold of his first morphine tablets and the next step was injections with heroin. Usually the first dose is a bad guess, but this goes quickly. It normally takes only two weeks to become physically dependent on heroin, and thus become a full-fledged addict.

"Finally I became a registered addict," says Jason — "but I wish the doctor who did it straight to hell. He should have sent me to a psychiatrist instead. All the doctors who write out prescriptions are moral criminals, and their victims are the addicts." "I use about two grams a day —

*continued on next page*

for a long time I kept telling myself that I just took the needle because it was nice—I did not really need it."

Jason lines up with the many other addicts outside Hospital Chemsu around 11 at night, when their prescriptions for the next day become void. The drugs are free, paid for by the National Health Board. But around the sick street offices are also waiting. These are the professional pushers who sell narcotics at high prices to the addicts who need more than they can get on the prescription.

Jason supplements his heroin ration with anything else he can get. Once a week he takes a trip with Lolo. And Jason is not the only one.

"Lolo gives me fantastic inspiration. As an artist I am a genius—and I just got a new job where I will earn millions—I have a beautiful future and I will become rich and famous."

And Jason gives himself another jolt with the needle in order to live on in his beautiful dream—his blood filled with the stuff that each doctorate was made from.—Heroin









## WHAT DO THESE CHAMPIONS HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

**WILSON, OLIVER**



**LENN SCOTT**, 40, Springfield, was a 1986 college graduate. He went to the New England Institute of Technology in Boston—and he got ahead—joining the people 200 lbs. with 175,000 credit line at the country's best-known credit card. How about you?

[illegible]

**1992 GRAMMY** The Grammy Awards were held at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles on February 27, 1993. The ceremony was hosted by Bob Odenkirk and featured a performance by the Roots. The album *Rain Dogs* by the Roots won the Grammy for Best Rap Album.

**Keywords:** child sexual abuse; disclosure; social support

[illegible]

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SUBJECT: Mr. George W. Bush, President, The Bush Foundation

[illegible]

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**Abstract**

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THEY'LL BE OUTRIGHT GUTS. YOU'VE GROWN NO BELLS FROM... NOTHING TO RUN!